

Little Bit

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[Jack Abbot \(The Pitt\)](#), [Samira Mohan](#), [Heather Collins](#), [Michael "Robby" Robinavitch](#)

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Summary

When Collins pulls Mohan to the side and warns her about her new relationship with Jack, Samira tries to brush it off...mostly because there is no relationship between her and Dr. Abbot? It's strictly professional...she thinks. Sort of. Maybe not.

○○○

“I–I didn’t reject you,” She forces out. She watches as the words sink in, his eyes trained on her, probably feeling a number of things but conveying none of it. Then he takes a deep breath and she swallows hard. Finally, he turns away from the edge of the roof to face her completely.

“Are you only saying that because you think I’m gonna jump or...?”

She blinks, surprised. In all honesty, she’d kind of forgotten about that part.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1: Rhinestones and Diamonds Both Shine in The Light

When Collins pulls her aside, Samira doesn't think much of it. She's still adjusting to working on the night shift and has reverted back to old habits but Heather has never been one to harp on her slowness. She's been groggier than she would like to admit, less cheerful and calm with her patients than usual but not enough to raise eyebrows. She hoped it would go unnoticed, by most at least.

Except for Abbot. He doesn't miss anything and the frequent check ups have been an indicator of that. She's guessing he's monitoring her professional stability now that she's struggling with maintaining a consistent sleep schedule. Also the extra iced mocha latte he's brought for her every morning since the switch is not subtle. (At first she believed him when he said they just got his order wrong but getting black coffee wrong three days in a row is hard to buy and he's not trying to sell it well.)

She expects Collins to check up on her too before she leaves maybe. Or ask about her recent cases, which have been dull but Collins is pretty consistent with tracking her progress, even if it is just a few fracture corrections, mild pneumonia, a standard intubation and an abscess drainage she did a few nights ago. But no, it's none of that.

Heather's demeanor shifts when she turns back to face her which Samira finds both off putting and worrisome. Before she can ask if everything's okay, Collins' eyes catch something in the background. Mohan doesn't even get to turn and catch it too before her attending is moving behind her to shut the curtain completely.

That raises alarm bells, "Is everything alright Dr. Collins?" She asks and Heather smiles. Too warm, too assuring and fuck, did she do something? Wrong? Right?

Samira starts to run a mental checklist of all her patients, making sure she did a thorough history account even though she's been forced to cut it down to twenty five minutes a patient. Abbot is hoping to get her to twenty by the end of the month but she doubts that's going to happen. Before she even reaches the C's, Heather interrupts her spiral.

"Everything's fine but Samira," Collins lowers her voice, "we need to talk about you and Abbot."

That leaves her furrowing her eyebrows in confusion. What is there to talk about? Yes, he's taken on more of a mentor role for her the last few months since the shooting but he's been attentive to the rest of the students and residents as well.

Mohan's seen it herself, he goes whole hours sometimes without even talking to her as he helps the others with their cases. It's a bit awe-inspiring, how he (and the other attendings of course) manage to juggle it all. He's fluid, precise but still calm and collected. He sees things that weren't even on her radar. She wishes she had that kind of focus when it came to multitasking but just the idea of it slightly overstimulates her.

"You'll learn eventually, don't underestimate yourself."

She hears his voice in her head, something he would say if she had shared that thought aloud. Mohan blinks, forcing herself to focus as she tries to keep up with whatever it is Collins is telling her. Even though she's fairly sure her concern is misdirected.

"-new relationships can be very exciting but the two of you need to calm down a bit. Workplace gossip spreads like wildfire around here and I've already overheard Princess exchanging theories about you two with patients Samira. Patients. Some of whom are your own by the way. From experience, I just...want to champion discretion in this

situation you're in and transparency with H.R. Better to tell them yourself than wait and have it revealed by someone else or circumstances neither of you can control. And at this rate, they'll know by the end of the week—"

"Know what?" Samira says, genuinely confused as she cuts her off. "What relationship?" She's been trying to follow along but something's been lost. An obvious misunderstanding.

Collins looks at her and sighs, "look...I'm only talking to you about this because I've been in a similar situation before. I just want to make sure you navigate it much better than I did."

"I—scenario? Collins—" it hits her then. Relationship? Samira's eyes widen as the implication clarifies itself in her sluggish mind. "Oh? Oh—no!" Shit, she's loud. "Sorry but...no? No. Jack and I don't have a relationship outside of the hospital. He's my mentor. My colleague."

Collins raises her eyebrows like she doesn't believe her. Mohan wants to say more but Collins huffs a quiet laugh before she can. "Yeah... *Michael* was my mentor too," she explains. The use of Robby's first name doesn't fly over Samira's head but the realization she did the same just a second ago with Abbot, does. Collins trails off and Mohan follows her eyes to the crack in the curtain where their Chief Attendant stands, eyes trained on paperwork as Dana says something to him. "And still is my colleague."

Samira shakes her head, turning back to face Collins. "No, I mean like... **just** my mentor. Professionally. There's nothing else to our—um—" Briefly, she thinks of their after work strolls in the parks that ends with sitting at the bench, discussing current and old cases, clinical studies, articles and medical experiences they've had that relates to their day to day work. She thinks of how sometimes those discussions take place on the roof with a pizza and some sodas from the vending machine. Or in the coffee shop three blocks from the hospital. Or the small diner he loves four blocks away. Or that one time they went to that one usually crowded bar that was surprisingly quiet when they showed, two blocks away, instead of the coffee shop.

But it's always about work and nothing else. Even if the articles she talks about aren't always in the emergency medicine field or if the experience he shares does reveal personal details of his life, it's still about work. Except for that one time, at the bar, where she shared the sob story that made her apply for medical school and other details of her life after a particularly gruesome shift that dealt with several victims of a brownstone apartment fire. She was just...in need of (verbal) comfort and Jack, as she knew, was good at providing it. Even then, with two long island iced teas fresh in her system, it all came back to work.

There was no relationship. Just...professional familiarity that's all. Friendship even but relationship? No. Definitely not that.

“—dynamic?” Samira finishes, immediately hating how unsure she sounds. “The relationship is strictly professional and platonic.” She says, this time with more confidence and surety than before. She thinks of Jack then, of the small grin that spreads across his mouth when she stands her ground to anyone at the hospital, patient, staff and fellow doctor alike, and she takes note of something. The small flutter in her gut at the image. Discomfort quickly follows and she swallows it down, making eye contact with Collins who seems weary to say the least.

“Are you sure about that?”

Yes. No? Maybe. She doesn't know. Instead of answering, she nods and before she can think of a more substantial response, the curtain behind them is forced open.

“There they are, my lovely new attending and fourth year resident. If you ladies wouldn't mind getting back to work, I'd appreciate it. Collins, you've still got your last rounds to run and Mohan, I'm sure there's a case or two for you to hope on. Save the casual catch ups for

outside of the workplace, thank you very much.” Robby says from behind her and Mohan jumps, turning to face him as he finishes his kind but commanding spiel. Normally, it would bring her direction, newfound desire to do her job, but now she’s...she feels thrown off kilter suddenly.

Dr. Robby immediately picks up on this. “Unless I’m interrupting som
—“

Heather cuts him off, “not at all. We were just finishing up, right Dr. Mohan?”

She blinks, looking at Collins before nodding. Luckily, Heather is already ushering Robby away from where they once stood but before she can fully disappear, she turns back around. “And one more thing Samira,” that pulls her out of her overly questioning head out of the daze it’s falling into as she turns and listens, intently to Collins. “If you need some help navigating that situation just...you can always reach out okay?” She says and despite the casualty of her tone, Mohan catches the earnestness in the last few words.

The sincerity...it warms her beating heart as she nods. That seems to be enough for Collins as she turns back away and actually, physically pushes Robby away as he mumbles “what the hell was that?”

Samira doesn’t know either. As far as she knows, she and Abbot aren’t crossing any lines that would warrant that kind of talk. Yes, he can be a bit intense with his eye contact and she’s recently taken up the challenge of matching said intensity but that’s nothing. Yes, he does call her Samira now and then and she occasionally does call him Jack but usually in the heat of the moment WHILE on a case. Or in the aftermath of a lost patient. And yes they do see each other outside of work but there’s still a very professional atmosphere to the whole relationship.

Has she thought of him like that? Maybe once or twice but that's not something she has complete control of okay. He just...Dr. Abbot is a very verbally affirming man and sometimes, just sometimes when she's too tired to think better of it, his voice and his words slip into her head while she rushes herself toward a quick orgasm under the covers. And in the shower. Or in the afternoons during her day off but always last minute and never intentionally.

It's not like she actually wants to cross that line with him, she knows she doesn't. Did a very thorough google/reddit search after that first time to confirm and she just...she likes words of affirmation so what? Does that mean she's having an inappropriate relationship with her boss? No. Does it mean she wants one? No?

Everyone likes to be told they're doing a good job when they're indeed doing a good job. That is perfectly normal and natural and you cannot always control where the brain wanders intrusively during that heightened moment where you're in the pursuit of physical pleasure. She doesn't overthink it. Anymore, at least.

She's never thought much about their interactions beyond that because they're always so work centric. She's never thought about how he always pays for their food and/or beverages when they need sustenances for their after shift discussions. Or how sometimes when they're in the OR in a tight squeeze working on procedures, his body brushes against her while maneuvering to another area to better assess the patient. Or the way the hair on the back of her neck stands up whenever that happens.

She's done her research, she knows people who aren't often physically intimate can have adverse reactions to casual touch. Samira is, unfortunately, one of those people but it's no big deal. It's just biology.

She doesn't think much about *how* much she enjoys his company. How nice it is to hear his voice as he talks animatedly about some of his

best field work. Or how strong he is, how steady but gentle his hands can be when performing procedures. She's never let herself fixate too much on how green his eyes (which she thought were brown but are really hazel) seem in the sunlight. Or how the black and gray curls of his hair look soft and easy to run fingers through. Evident enough by how much he does it himself.

She doesn't second guess any of that because there's never been a reason to. He pays for the food because he's the one to suggest they eat. He brings her coffee because he knows she needs the caffeine to deal with the sleeping schedule adjustment and he's a thoughtful man. He makes intense eye contact because he likes to feel connected to whoever he's communicating with. He huddles closely to her while she answers questions he's asked because there's so much going on in the ER and it's easy to get distracted. She of all people knows how important it is to give someone your undivided attention when communicating. He's actually helped her better focus herself which is always a useful skill to have in the p.i.t.t. And it really shows because no matter how close he's been or how good he smells he has never not once disrupted her thought process or focus on her current cases.

And the pleasantness of his physical attributes she's observed, like the intensity of his eyes, the softness of his hair, the corded veins in his arms, etc. are just plain observations. Natural for her to make, even more natural for her to not act on.

Collins is projecting. Samira nods to herself, accepting that explanation because it's a much easier pill to swallow than whatever fallout could come from accepting another more frightening explanation. No—not explanation, assumption, on Collins' end. That's all and Heather should know better, you're not supposed to assume anything. Assumptions have terrible consequences.

Samira thinks of her father then and now she knows she's completely out of it. The schedule change is not working with her, she's too sleep deprived to not let that conversation get in her head right n—

“Dr. Mohan!” Jack’s voice disrupts her spiraling and she turns in his direction, “got something for you. Twenty-three year old male, fresh from a music festival. Dehydrated, unable to keep down solids and struggling with fluids. Lost consciousness—you okay?” She blinks, taken off guard with the softness in his question as Abbot stops just a few feet away from her.

Samira takes the chance to look at him, really look at him and something in her chest tightens. A new awareness washing over her as she takes in the man at least fifteen years her senior. She notices the way her body reacted immediately, standing up a straighter, warmth in her palms and—fuck! She swallows, shaking her head and looking away.

Samira nods, too quickly as she takes a step back. “Perfectly fine Dr. Abbot. Unfortunately, I need to make a few rounds and check on some patients—”

“Patients you checked up on five minutes ago?”

It had only been five minutes since Collins pulled her aside? It had felt like so much time had passed since then..her stomach churns at the implication that leaves. Why did a simple conversation, a misunderstanding, disorient her so much?

“I—well...” she trails off, failing to find the words she needs to get her out of this situation.

“Samira...” Jack says and her stomach flutters, heart pumping fast at the use of her first name. “..you’re going to pass up on a potential intubation to make unnecessary rounds? Come on superstar, you know you want to take this, you haven’t even heard all the details.”

Superstar, she ignores the warmth that spreads through her chest at the affectionate nickname, perking up at the use of one word in particular. “There’s more details?”

Abbot smiles and she doesn’t like the way heat spreads beneath her skin at the sight, or the additional stomach fluttering when he steps forward. “You might have to cric this kid.”

All thoughts of confusion and Collins slip away at that. “Lead the way Dr. Abbot.”

She’s not missing her chance to perform a cric especially knowing Santos is somewhere in the building itching to do that procedure. It’s probably just the caffeine getting to her anyway.

Jack Abbot was her friend and mentor. Nothing more, no matter what Dr. Collins and others may have thought, she knew better.

Samira Mohan was quickly coming to the conclusion that she knew

much less than she initially assumed. For one, repeatedly orgasming to the thought of your friend and mentor was not a serial intrusive thought process, it was just the only way she knew how to come these days.

She tried to deny it, and tried so very hard. But it's been a week since Collins brought their allegedly salacious behavior to her attention and it's gotten to her. Now she notices things she didn't notice before. Like the way Abbot lingers on her; on her cases, when passing by her in the hospital he'll check in or strike up a conversation that he doesn't do with the other staff. Not that he's antisocial, he greets everyone but usually in the form of sharp quips and jokes that don't quite land. But with her, he checks in, almost every chance he gets.

"How we feeling Dr. Mohan?"

"Everything cool Mohan?"

"You alright kid?"

"How are you Samira? Genuinely?"

"Everything okay Samira?"

Every shift, he checks in on her at least twice more than the others. She's not sure if he realizes he's doing it but he is. She's also the only one he calls superstar or kid which she hadn't realized until she started...well, *realizing* it. He'll talk to her about cases, both past and present, that he's been on which he doesn't often do with other members of the pitt crew. Yes, he'll occasionally plug a throwaway line alluding to his past experience but he doesn't actually talk about it with them. Not like he does with her.

She feels his eyes now, at least once every hour she'll turn in his direction and find him staring. He'll usually shoot her a lackluster thumbs up or nod when that happens but sometimes, sometimes he looks away. The face he makes after he looks away is even worse because it's almost like he didn't even realize he was staring. Like she caught him doing something he wasn't supposed to be doing. Focusing on someone who he absolutely should not be focusing on at this moment in time.

Which does give merit to Collin's concerns. What's worse is that... Samira likes it.

She likes the extra attention, she likes when he stops her in the halls during a lull in the shift to review her cases (again) and talk about past cases or studies that could relate to it as much as they can without disrupting the flow of the ER. She likes talking to him. She likes the sound of his voice regardless if it's him explaining procedures or checking in on her well being. The slight rasp scratches the inside of her brain in very pleasant ways.

She likes meeting his gaze, she likes walking alongside him after work to the parking lot and catching the scent of his aftershave in the wind. She likes his small smiles and the exact tone of his voice when he laughs. She likes the way he holds a beer can when they're at the benches with the rest of the crew after particularly hard shifts. She likes the strain of his veins in his forearms when he moves things. Like the stubble on his chin and his dry, often overlooked humor.

Mohan likes Abbot. Not just as a friend, colleague or even mentor. She likes Jack, the person. She likes Jack as Samira. Which scares her shitless.

She's not the kind of person for workplace fraternization. She likes to keep things neat and tidy, she's done everything she can to keep

things with her coworkers as professional as she possibly can. Sure, she likes to meet with them in the park once every few weeks after a shitty shift but she barely speaks. She lingers in the atmosphere and it is always one of the firsts to leave. She knows her rules, work always comes first and anything that can interfere with that and threaten all she's worked for just is not worth investing in. At least, not right now. Not at this moment.

Later though, she'll have time for all of it. She will.

But not now.

Samira learned the hard way that she just wasn't meant to juggle deep emotional connections and upwards career mobility at the same time. Not when she had so much to build for herself, the risk of letting people in just so they could chip away at the process wasn't worth it. It was never worth it.

She remembers the way her mother cried after her dad died. The way her family's friends slowly trickled away, leaving only the obligatory members of their family to sometimes pitch in for the extra support she and her mother both needed. She had seen heartbreak, very early in her life and the thought of putting herself in the position to feel that, regardless of the other party's intention...it wasn't a risk she was eager to take.

So Samira does the only thing she can think of, she distances herself.

She tries to start small, declining a case study review after their shift so she can get a head start on her sleep schedule. When he brings coffee, she politely declines in front of Nurse Donnie who doesn't waste a second in plucking the second drink from Abbot's hands and thanking him on his way out. She walks with Javadi or Collins towards their cars after work and if neither are available, she puts her earbuds in. She stops asking questions that could lead to deeper discussions beyond the immediate case at hand. She replies shortly but

kindly to whenever he stops her in the halls, she finds herself in conversation with Whittaker or Robby whenever Jack passes. If not them, then whoever is closest in her vicinity.

She's not avoiding him.

Just distancing. Which is for the best in the end.

Or so she assumes.

But then something weird happens...Jack just...lets her.

He lets her push him away which should give her more relief than anything and usually it would but not this time. This time, when he stops seeking her out, it disappoints her. When he comes into their shift with just his coffee order, her shoulders sag. When he treats her like any other student, she bristles. When he stops calling her superstar and sticks to simply Mohan, her smile falters.

Samira doesn't mind distancing herself but when Jack reciprocates her signals and leaves her alone...it drives her up the fucking wall.

Maybe it's because she just finished another fifteen hour shift when she was just scheduled for twelve. Maybe it's because her sleeping schedule is still dysfunctional and she's running on five hours tops. Maybe it's the slight adrenaline high still pumping in her veins, maybe it's all of the above, who knows but Abbot's inactions drives her to... action.

She's fresh from the locker room, lingering at the patient board like she normally does when she catches him slipping into the stairwell out of the corner of her. Samira moves on impulse, following cautiously

behind, opening one of the double doors slowly and closing it shut softly behind her. He's going to the roof.

She thinks of warm vegetables on melted cheese and crispy bread and her mouth waters. She does miss pizza, sodas and cases with him. She's not thinking too hard about why he's going up there alone, she likes the quiet too.

She expects to find him lingering a few feet ahead of the railing. She figures the roof is a pretty good place to watch the sunrise and just escape the noise of the hospital.

What she does not expect is to find him on the ledge, just over the rail. Too close to the edge for comfort.

Her heart stops, plummeting to her feet. She's frozen, hands lingering on the cool metal of the door handle as fear ricochets up her spine. The panic starts to sink in but she forces herself to keep it together. She tries to approach this situation how she would like a case. She has to remain calm, Samira takes a deep breath but the fear doesn't dispel. Not completely but she gets it under control.

White disabled male in his late 40s/early 50s. Active duty veteran, potential PTSD diagnosis?

She tries to think of his family history but she's blanking. Samira shuts her eyes, fighting hard to remember what she learned in her psychiatry residency. She shakes her head, none of that matters. She's being too slow right now. She just...needs to talk to him. Do what she does best.

With shaky hands, Samira pushes the door to the roof open. She expects Jack to look back but he doesn't. Instead, he cocks his head to

the side as if he's trying to get a better look at something in the distance.

Just talk to him, Samira, just say something .

Anything .

Before she can, he breaks the silence.

"You're late," he calls out. She blinks, swallowing abruptly as her eyes widen. Late?

"Look I know Collins is working your shift today man but I don't know, I feel like this thing we do should take slight priority over your longing man."

Her eyebrows furrow in further confusion, *what the fuck?*

"Don't worry, won't hold it against you. In fact brother...I might actually understand you now. As weird as that fucking sounds." He answers for her, saying the last part quieter as if he can't really believe what he's saying. She thinks of Dr. Robby and how she's caught glimpses of them coming back from the roof together and she swallows. He thinks she's Robby.

Samira swallows, stepping closer. She should say something, ruin the illusion but she doesn't. Too morbidly curious about the version of him only Robby gets to see. Her heart is louder than her mind as she aches for whatever guts he's about to spill.

He should know she's not Robby, her steps are probably lighter and she doubts he would remain as quiet as she's being right now. But she guesses he's too tired or his thoughts are too wrapped up in whatever he's not saying to notice.

Abbot looks down and Samira inches closer, breathing uneven for some reason. Why's her heart beating so fast?! He's calm, collected, he's not going to do anything stupid right?

His laugh cuts through her train of thought, dry and humorless. Fuck.

"It's ironic, I know. Fuck, I gave you so much shit for Collins and here I am. A goddamn hypocrite huh?"

She says nothing, fighting back a weird involuntary shiver at the sound of his cursing ringing in the air. Raspy in the way she likes. She's not used to him being so...undone by circumstance. She should say something but she's always been too curious for her own good.

Abbot's demeanor shifts and Mohan's breath catches in her throat. She thinks the silence has given her away and she almost wants to run but he's still on the ledge and she hasn't figured out the right words to pull him away from it yet either.

"She's just...she's fucking incredible. She always has been, don't get me wrong. Samira's an amazing doctor..." she stops breathing as he trails off. His feet are still trained to the ground which is a good because she's not sure she can move right now. He said her name and yes, he's said her name before but not like that. Never like that.

Abbot's still too focused on...focused on his thoughts of *her* to fully scope out his surroundings. To realize she's NOT Robby and Samira

kind of wants to scream but no words come out. She's stuck.

"And I know it's fucked brother I know. Power wise, the optics aren't great. Fuck it, regular optics wise it's ridiculous. I've got almost two decades on her and she's so...god, Rob she's beautiful. And smart, smartest person I've ever met and it just feels like she's beyond me man. Just a bit. I'm not some piece of shit don't get me wrong but Samira...far out of my league. Which she knows," he laughs again and it stabs at something in her chest. She doesn't know anything, not a goddamn thing and especially not what he's insinuating.

"She's made it clear these past few days which is fine. I can respect that, I do respect it. Rejection's a bitch no matter who she's cozying up with. I'm not letting it get in my head or anything but Jesus man, I don't know how you managed to be around Col-"

"Rejection?"

Abbot turns his head sharply, quickly, she takes a step forward reaching for the ledge like he'll lose balance if she doesn't get there fast enough. He doesn't.

His eyes are wide but he's rock steady as he looks back at her.

Loud silence wraps around them both as they stare at each other. Her palms are sweating, it's the middle of fall and she has a jacket on but her hands are sweating. Fuck!

"I-I didn't reject you," She forces out. She watches as the words sink in, his eyes trained on her, probably feeling a number of things but conveying none of it. Then he takes a deep breath and she swallows hard. Finally, he turns away from the edge of the roof to face her

completely.

“Are you only saying that because you think I’m gonna jump or...?”

She blinks, surprised. In all honesty, she’d kind of forgotten about that part. Gotten lost in the confession of his feelings to think about the suicidal threat.

“Because I’m not going to...this is just...for ritual’s sake.” He mutters, bending down to slide under the railings and to safely pull himself to the other side. Her muscles relax and relief she didn’t know would come floods through her tired body.

She shakes her head, truthfully, because she wasn’t thinking about his mental state at that moment. She was thinking about his words and how he said them in that voice, raspy and disarming. She was thinking about the implication of the words and the idea that he liked her. He liked her just as much if not more than she liked him.

He **likes** her.

The knowledge should alarm her, should scare her and force her to turn and run like it has so many times before. But her feet won’t move.

“That’s good,” she says, unsure of what else she can say. There’s a lot she can say but she’s never been good at explaining her emotions. She feels...a lot right now and none of it is helped by the way Abbot is looking at her. With that singular focus that she always found slightly distracting when they’re outside of the hospital.

“Is it?” He perks up, taking a step forward and she swallows before nodding.

“Cool,” he says cautiously. Taking another step towards her. This is a bad idea. She should leave. He’s safe now and they’re both tired. They can pretend this never happened if she wanted to. Nothing said or done on this roof had to leave the roof. Sleep deprivation and exhaustion were perfect excuses for this entire interaction.

Nothing said or done on this roof has to leave the roof , she reminds herself.

“Samira-”

“I **wouldn’t** reject you,” she says, cutting him off. Abbot raises his eyebrows at that, surprised. Something in the back of her mind is screaming at her to run away. This is too real now. He has feelings for her. She has feelings for him. This could lead somewhere that hurts in a painfully deep way she’s not equipped to handle.

But the wind blows and Samira smells him, the antiseptic and aftershave, and warmth rolls under her skin. Trying to imagine Jack hurting her is hard to do when he’s looking at her like that. Like the sun itself rose and fell by her command. Like nothing else in the universe mattered more. She felt like the center of everything important to humanity under his gaze.

“You wouldn’t?” He breathes out, stepping forward. He’s surprised and the uncertainty in his words, the caution of his movements as invades her space sends tingles down her spine and goosebumps racing up her skin. For such a competent and controlled doctor, it’s strangely satisfying to see that as a man, he feels completely out of his depth. It’s a good feeling, makes her feel less alone in the anxiety of whatever this is brewing between them now.

She shakes her head as Jack's hands move to gently cradle her face. Samira's eyes flutter close, the soft touch overwhelming her. God, it's been so long, so long since anyone touched her.

She tries to think of the last time someone handled her with this much care and she fails.

"Tell me why" He mumbles and she licks her lips. His tone has changed completely, his voice a bit deeper and the rasp more defined. She likes it too much. "Tell me why Samira...please." He mutters, so restrained as he waits for her to dictate the next move. The feeling of control washes over her as she forces her eyes open, brown eyes meeting his now green. There's an earnestness in his gaze that makes her want to cry for some reason. He's pretty in the sunlight.

She could end this all, walk away and brush this off as a fluke maybe. If she tries.

But she's so tired and he's being so careful with her. She wants more, she wants everything all at once. The feelings she's buried so long come bubbling to the surface under the weight of his full focus. "I-" She's struggling but Jack soothes her, calloused thumbs rubbing gently at her cheeks and her knees feel weak. "I like you" she breathes out. "I like you so much, it scares the shit out of me." She finishes, unable to keep it in any longer.

Samira's very good at hiding. She's been doing it her whole life, burying emotions so big to better suit the world around her. When her parents fought, she hid her discomfort to better help them get through the day. She made herself perfect in hopes that the rewards would come in nice family dinners and her parents getting along. When that didn't work, she tried harder.

When her father died, there wasn't enough room for both her and her mother to grieve so she shoved it down. Molded herself into the closest image of perfection she could, saving her tears for late nights while she clutched the last stuffed animal he'd given her. Hiding her vulnerability and burying her emotions became a stronger tool as her mother found it harder and harder to cope with her father's loss. It was essential to take care of the both of them in high school, essential in putting herself through college while working then med school and it has gotten her this far in career right?

It's a sure thing. She's good at it.

But the thought of doing that with Jack, feels impossible. He doesn't let her hide.

He smiles, small and assuring. Another wave of warmth in the cool morning autumn air spreads through her as he does. "I like you too," he whispers back and it's nice. Music to her ears. Her hands find his waist as she smiles up at him.

"Yeah, your speech kinda gave that away," she teases softly and he fakes offense, mouth falling open and she laughs unexpectedly, her smile wide and shoulders lighter than they have been in a while.

"Wow? You're gonna throw that in my face huh superstar..." He starts, trailing off as he moves to close the distance between them. Her smile doesn't have the time to fade, the kiss is both welcomed and unexpected. When it does settle in though, the comfort, ease and the steadiness of kissing this man...her body melts against him. Her hands grip the scrubs around his waist as their lips find an easy and natural rhythm.

She feels light and eager, she wants more. A lot more, Jack's tongue licks at her bottom lip and Samira opens up with a soft moans, her fingers bunching the fabric around his waist as he tilts her head to the side. It's hot, it's really fucking hot. She squeezes her thighs together as the kiss turns...well, nasty.

She's so lost in the feeling, the new intoxicatingly safe and sexy feeling that she doesn't hear the back door open and shut again behind them. Doesn't matter though, Abbot knows Robby's good at minding his business. And if he isn't...well Jack will just deal with that when he comes in for tonight's shift.

He'll be happy to hear "I told you so" as long as he gets to keep kissing this woman exactly like this for as long as she'll possibly let him.

Chapter 2: So, let's lose us in these sheets

Chapter Summary

Abbot and Mohan talk about the kiss on the roof (and do other things).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They mean to have sex. It was the natural conclusion to a kiss like that but once they're in Abbot's car, Abbot's comfortable Silverado that's kind of terrible for the environment, Samira starts to drift. She wants to have sex with this man, very badly but when the truck stops and jolts her awake, she immediately recognizes the familiar brick of the exterior. She knows this street and the bench right next to the entrance.

This is her apartment complex. The usual relief that comes with the sight is nowhere to be found, instead she looks back to Abbot, confused. He simply shrugs before kissing her hand. That's—oh wow, her hand has been in his the entire car ride huh?

“We'll do a rain check, okay kid, you need some sleep.”

Samira doesn't like that suggestion, she doesn't like it one bit. The protest that she so eloquently puts together comes out in the form of a childlike whine slipping from her lips. Once the sound escapes, she immediately wants to kill herself.

Abbot's eyes go wide and she pulls her hand from his grip in favor of covering her face. “God, I'm sorry I-”

What can she say right now to defend that? She can't say anything and it's then she realizes the high of kissing Abbot is beginning to fade. Replaced with both mortification and the exhaustion of being on her feet too long while not eating nearly enough. Her muscles sag and

if it weren't for her absolute embarrassment, she'd agreed with him. She was tired. Very tired, apparently the kind of tired that makes you whine like a baby when your superior doesn't want to fuck you after a thirteen hour shift.

"I'm sorry" she groans out and Abbot, to his credit, holds back his laugh. When she does manage to look at him, he's smiling at her, like full teeth showing kind of smile that she rarely gets to see. He's more amused than anything which she finds relieving. He's got a nice smile, she hopes she'll get to see more of it.

"It's alright, get some rest okay," He says to her in the soft rasp that makes her want to lean over the glove compartment, pull his scrub bottoms and boxers down and swallow him whole with one enthusiastic suck. But that's unreasonable and insane so she simply nods in agreement. She needs to sleep.

Still, she moves with reluctance as she reaches for her bag and the car door handle. When she does slide out of her seat and shuts the door behind her, Abbot calls her name. She turns back around, too eager and he looks like he doesn't want to let her leave. *Just tell me to stay... just ask to come up...* she thinks.

Instead, he swallows, coming back to his senses. "We should talk about-" he gestures between the two of them, "- *this* , in depth, later alright?"

"Yeah of course. We should definitely do that." She says, more awkward in her delivery than she wants to be.

By talk, she hopes he means fuck and the smile he gives her reaffirms that hope. There's still a weak line of adrenaline thrumming through her system and Samira reaches up, grazing her lips with her fingers. It's an unconscious action but she doesn't miss the way Abbot watches

her, tongue darting out to lick at his top lip as she grazes her bottom.

She wonders what he tastes like now, if the coffee has faded a bit on his tongue.

A car horn sounds in the distance, breaking the tension before it can fully rebuild. It's for the better, her legs are starting to ache anyway. Samira smiles, locking eyes with him as his eyes find hers again.

"Good Morning Dr. Abbot," she whispers, a little breathy and soft, in a voice sultrier than she thinks she's ever heard come out of her mouth. She fights the urge to widen her eyes and blink in confusion, *stay cool, be cool* she repeats in her head. She takes a few steps back from his truck, cool and measured, praying she doesn't trip and fall on her ass. She catches the bob of Abbot's Adam's apple as he swallows and more butterflies rush to her gut.

"Good morning Dr. Mohan," he mutters and fuck, she's flying as she turns on her heel. She forces herself to look back only once as she walks into her complex. He's still watching her and it makes her want to giggle like a schoolgirl. She manages not to, thankfully.

She's sluggish walking up the stairs and it's only once she's at her door on the second floor does she look back (again, breaking the one look back rule she set in her head) and see that he's still there.

His truck hasn't moved an inch and it shouldn't surprise her. Every time he'd given her a ride home after their outings, he waited for her to be completely inside before pulling away. The other times though, she couldn't feel the ghost of his lips lingering on hers.

For that reason alone, she smiles like a lovesick kid as she turns the lock to her door and closes it behind her.

Samira considers herself a fairly patient person. You have to be a patient person to be in the field she's chosen. Four years of medical school, three of four years of residency down with just one more to go and then a two year fellowship hopefully in Pittsburgh. Beyond career wise, she exercises patience in almost every aspect of her life. She's patient with her landlord who said he'd fix her oven SIX MONTHS ago but he has other tenants so she tries not to be annoying.

She's patient with her mother's two eldest sisters and her father's three youngest who never fail to ask her whether or not she's made any plans to be wed every single time she talks to them. She's patient with the laptop she got at the beginning of med school, knowing she just needs to fumble with the right keys and angle the charger cord just right to get it to turn on. She's patient with her neighbors who she has begrudgingly nicknamed the fuckers because well...the name speaks for itself. She just puts her headphones on and retreats to the couch until they're done.

She's patient with the elderly woman who has the same stop as her on the bus and every time she's back on day shifts, it's like the old bag smells it in the air and knows just when to get up so she can (SLOWLY) block Samira's exit. She's been patient her whole fucking life, she had to be when her mother had one of her (many) bad days and left Samira to do the cleaning and cooking (and parenting) for their small household.

She's the kind of person to wait patiently for her professor to talk to twenty-three other students before finally getting to her after the lecture. She's the kind of person to get over being dismissed because the professor has prior engagements and can't possibly talk to every student. She goes to office hours instead.

She's the kind of patient that stands at the stove and waits for the water to boil rather than leaving the kitchen and waiting for the

sound of the water boiling over to leave her scrambling for the linoleum. She's patient. Always has been.

Except when it comes to talking to Dr. Abbot.

She assumes they'll be talking on their next shift but nope. Which is fine, there was a lot going on and it'd be counterproductive to pull her aside and talk in length about how they were going to continue their... "*conversation*" from the other morning. But then Santos was moved to night shift permanently, which is a great fit for her don't get Samira wrong, but she immediately latched onto Abbot and Ellis in every single case she could. Which is fine, Samira is R4, she doesn't need the mentorship nearly as much. Abbot's work load is intense right now especially since it's Fall Break for the kids in the city and their ER is busier than normal.

But by day five, it's starting to grate at her. Like really grate at her very being. She's tense, less patient with her patients (which she hides very well but her forearm is starting to bruise from pinching it so much). When her mother calls, she snaps at her (and quickly apologizes). Samira prides herself on the ease and comfort she can extend to other people. Something she does very effectively but the past few days have made that skill she loves about herself increasingly difficult to practice.

She was treating a young man, an obnoxious skater, whatever guy, who kept saying the most irritating snide remarks. He transported her back to the tenth grade after a particularly low hanging your mom joke. She fires back, (you don't know my mom!) Then snaps her mouth shut, embarrassed as soon as the high pitched words leave her mouth.

She can still hear his voice, his condescending laugh.

“Jesus lady, calm down. It’s not my fault nobody’s (insert inappropriate remark) you right?”

Normally, she would roll her eyes and keep doing his sutures. But for some reason, today of all days, the comment doesn’t just roll off her skin. It sticks and she’s suddenly aware of how tense her muscles are, how easily irritable she’s been since the roof and she doesn’t like the conclusion she comes to. She finishes sewing up his wound without another word before calmly and coldly dismissing him. (Which is not very coldly, she still smiles and advises him to take it easy but in her mind, it’s ice cold.)

She needs five minutes. The ER is relatively calm and she’s not due for rounds for thirty minutes. She sighs, moving quickly towards the ambulance entrance.

Abbot stops her because of course he does.

“Everything okay Dr. Mohan?”

She nods too quickly, too stiffly, “absolutely.” And she doesn’t stop. Not even for a second, she needs to breathe and calm down and stop thinking about the shit eating grin on that young man’s face when he saw his words hit a nerve. It’s times like these where she begins to understand Dana’s affinity for cigarettes.

Mohan takes a deep breath, trying to force herself into her default calm state. She’s got this. She’s a strong, independent, capable, doctor.

“I am a strong independent capable doctor,” she mutters to herself.

She has the highest patient satisfaction scores in the entire department.

“I have the highest patient satisfaction scores in the entire department.” She reminds herself, another deep breath in. And out.

That young man was wrong, she can get laid if she wants to.

“That little shit is an immature asshole, I **can** get laid if I want to!” She whispers to herself, more passionately than the previous statements.

“No doubt about it Dr. Mohan.”

Samira startles, turning sharply in the direction of the Dr. Abbot who stands behind her, clearly amused and not busy enough with his important Night Chief Attending responsibilities. She clutches her chest, heart beating too fast. “You scared me,” She breathes out, shifting awkwardly as Jack looks at her with that same small smile that makes her feel like a fucking teenage girl.

“Sorry about that, just wanted to see if you were okay?” He tells her and she believes him but she doesn’t like how amused he looks right now.

“How much of that...”

“Just the good parts,” he finishes and she flushes, once again embarrassed but for a completely different reason. He crosses his arms and she looks at how his biceps flex in his scrubs, her mouth parts and she can feel heat pulsing between her legs. Samira clears her throat and looks away from one of his sexiest features (and third biggest pro

in the pros and cons list she made about him the day before they kissed.)

She's decided she hates him then, she wouldn't even need this stupid pep talk if he just...if they would just *talk* already!

"Yeah well," she sighs, looking down at the ground and fighting the urge to kick a pebble in his direction. "I'm glad I could be of some entertainment to you." She huffs out. She doesn't want to meet his eyes, she's still got two hours left in this shift and the last thing she needs is his ridiculously intense eye contact throwing her off her game.

She's been thinking of nothing but those eyes for the last...Jesus, almost a week since they first kissed. She's thought of those eyes trained on her and only her as they navigated less professional interactions together in the privacy of one of their homes. Preferably his, she doesn't imagine it's nicer than hers' per se but bigger and Samira likes the idea of having various areas of space to... *talk* in. It probably is nicer than hers but she shakes that thought away. Her apartment is fine, it serves its purpose.

"Come on Samira," Jack starts, her name on his tongue pulling her eyes back to him, she quickly notes that his gaze is darker than before. In a way that makes his hazel eyes seem brown. She swallows, "you know this isn't how I'd like to... *entertain* , either of us."

The rasp in his voice that came right before he kissed her, right before he dropped her off at her place last week, is back and she swallows. Want coursing under her skin just because of the change in his voice and shift in his eyes. God it's been too long since she had a good fucking orgasm and everything about Jack Abbot reaffirmed her belief that if it were up to him, it wouldn't be for much longer.

Her mouth goes dry as she tries to think of something witty or sexy to say but nothing, fuck nothing comes to mind.

“You work tomorrow?” He asks, lowering his voice so only the two of them could hear. It’s not like they’re surrounded by people right now but she can appreciate the pretense of discretion.

“No,” she says just as quietly. Jack nods, like she’s given him an order and avoids eye contact with her. She watches as his gaze falls to the ground, a blush forming under his neck. “Why do you want to know?” She asks, a bit teasing. It’s a bit weird to hear her teasing him or anyone for that matter, not that she’s incapable obviously but she isn’t normally this emboldened. Something about him makes her feel like she can be, which is new but exciting.

His eyes snap back to hers' and despite his restraint, she can see the glint of something **more** in his expression. She glances down at his arms because they’re really fucking nice, there’s no good reason she just can’t help herself sometimes.

“Samira...” he starts but she shakes her head, cutting him off.

“Tell me why Jack,” she asks, using his words against him. Her tone is more suggestive than she would ever normally allow in the workplace. But they’re not in the workplace technically, just outside of it near the emergency room entrance.

Abbot swallows and the bob of his Adam's Apple has her squeezing her thighs together. She looks at his lips and back to his eyes and then his throat where a vein she’s never noticed before protrudes. Her fingers twitch with half a mind to trace the outline of his jugular but she shakes her head. Forcing herself to remain composed because she’s still at work.

They're still at work. The reminder should mortify her instead it excites her a bit too much.

"Because I...we still need to..." he stops to look around quickly (again, no one else is there) before his eyes find her again. "Because I'd like to...take care of you Dr. Mohan."

If it weren't for the painful self awareness keeping her grounded to reality, she would give into the overwhelming desire to kiss this man. To kiss him while clumsily searching for the nearest supply closet so she can further kiss him in more obscene places. But that self awareness is present and Samira swallows, shifting her stance as wet hot desire makes a space for itself between her legs.

"I want to take care of you," he says again like she didn't hear him before in the loud silence they're surrounded by. She wants to respond, wants to say something but if she opens her mouth she's afraid another pathetic whine will slip past her lips. She has to swallow instead, dig her nails into her palms as she nods.

Another beat of silence before she manages a quick and soft, "I'd like that."

She watches as his entire body relaxes. It's only then that she realizes he put himself out there a second ago...there was a genuine fear that she'd just let him fall into the emotional abyss below with no chance of escape. The thought unnerves her. Does he not think she wants this as much as he does? Was the whine not proof enough that she's kind of fucking aching for it?

She's spent the last four nights chasing a pitiful release completely fueled by the thought of him. Did he have any fucking idea what he'd done to her? Of how much sleep she's been losing since that kiss?

Before she can pose the question, the sound of sirens cuts off her thought process. The switch is flipped and a young girl with a knife wound in no man's land (nipple to navel) is pulled from the ambulance. She and Jack go to work, the conversation not forgotten just paused as they fall into a familiar routine of working together to once again, save someone's life.



Samira takes an uber home, she missed the bus because of a particularly nasty heart attack case that came in five minutes before she was scheduled to leave. She would've stayed longer than just an hour over but Dana took one look at her headed back to the ER when she should've been leaving and shook her head. She didn't want to argue with Dana, she knew better.

She couldn't find Jack which is fine, him giving her a ride home was probably not for the best right now. They're both too wired and too sleep deprived to be alone right now and really... *talk* the way they both want to.

She's tired like always when she turns the key to her apartment and shoves the door open. Samira sighs, turning so her back presses against the front door as it shuts behind her. She needs to shower, she needs to straighten up, and she needs to sleep. She looks around the dull apartment she calls home and thinks about going to goodwill or whatever nearest thrift store there is to pick up some things and make the place nicer tomorrow. She needs more book shelves, she's got too many books and not enough places to put them.

She pulls off her bag and routinely places it on the hook next to the door. She slips out of her shoes and places them directly under her bag like she does every night. Her brain switches to autopilot. She drags herself to the kitchen to plug her phone in and lays it on the

counter, then she forgets it exists. Samira moves towards the fridge, pops open the freezer and grabs the last pot pie she has stored in there. She needs to go grocery shopping, she pops the pie into the microwave (old college eating habits die hard.)

She turns away from it immediately once it's, shuffling towards the bathroom. She starts the shower, stripping methodically before putting her clothes on the toilet tank. She steps inside and the minute the hot water hits, she sighs. It's only then, when she's relaxed and safe in her tub, once she's washed just right at least once, does her brain start working again.

I want to take care of you...

No one's ever said that to her before. She'd been so lost in the moment, she didn't take a second to dissect what he actually meant by that. Obviously, he means in a sexual sense. He wants to take care of her sexually probably, take care of both of them, which is what she wants too. God, she fucking wants that so badly. Images of his forearms flexing whenever he exerts the energy necessary to move a patient comes to mind first. She thinks of that and the way he stretches his fingers when he's been filling out paperwork too long.

She thinks of his lips and how he licks them before pulling the bottom one between his teeth when he's assessing a difficult situation. She thinks of his eyes, sharp and intense. Always focused in a way that she admires and covets on the rare occasions they're in a surgery together and she needs assurance when performing. He's just so..fucking solid.

She lets her mind wander from observations to possibilities. To the thought of his strong, solid arms wrapped around any part of her body. His hands flexing over the flesh of her thighs as he holds them down. Her mind then goes somewhere more...unsettling.

Of his body pressed against hers but just pressed as they slept soundlessly. Of watching movies on her awful fucking couch with her feet in his lap. Of grocery runs and holding hands. Of his fingers tracing her back and vice versa. Of shared laughter and reading articles they'll discuss later in comfortable silence, together but not inseparable. She blinks when she realizes how domestic her supposed SEXUAL fantasies have become.

Too much Samira, too much.

She turns the water off, she's clean.

The next five minutes are filled with Samira trying to talk herself off a ledge as she moisturizes and puts on an old oversized Carnegie Mellon shirt and some sleep shorts. He meant to take care of her body. Sexually. Not her. Which is fine, she doesn't need anyone to take care of her. She never has. She's a fucking doctor for goodness' sake. She put herself through medical school and she's perfectly capable of meeting her own needs.

A burnt smell permeates the apartment when she exits the bathroom. "Fuck!" She's moving across the wood floor too quickly and opening the microwave. In her exhausted state, she put the pie on for forty fucking minutes instead of four. Samira scolds herself, pulling it out and "shit!" Too hot! Too hot!

She reaches for the paper towels she's almost out of and uses the last bit to pull the pie out and toss it in the garbage.

Great...she figured out the perfect system that let's her shower than eat a wonderfully temperate pot pie when she was eighteen and she's fucking it up at twenty eight. It's fine, it's fine, it's whatever. No one cares, it's fine.

She sighs, moving over a bit to pull out a spoon from the designated drawer. She then shuffles to the pantry for a jar of peanut butter. When she steps back down the hallway, small water droplets cling to her feet on her way back to her bedroom. Fuck, she forgot to wrap her hair up.

God, who cares?! Who actually gives a fuck?!

She manages to stop and open a window in the living room to get rid of the burnt smell before grabbing her spoon off the peanut butter jar and the jar off the window sill before heading back to her bed. Her bedroom is also pretty dull except for the scattering of books in the corner, something she needs to work on. She's been meaning to decorate since she moved in.

Two years ago.

It's fine, she'll get to it.

Once she's in bed, she pops the lid off the peanut butter and gets about three spoonfuls in before she's laying down completely. Her bed is comfortable, the best part about the place. Which makes sense given how much time she spends in it. She puts the peanut butter on her bedside table and once her head hits the pillow, she's out like a light. Sun in her eyes be damned. She doesn't have work tomorrow so it's fine.



The knocking wakes her. Samira startle sitting up too fast as she looks around the room. Her eyes fall to the window, eyes adjusting and it's

night time? She looks at the alarm clock next to her and sighs.

7:15 pm

She bolts upright, fuck she forgot to set her alarm last night. No work today, it's fine. The knocking continues which reminds her why she's awake in the first place. "Sorry, give me a second." She calls out, moving from her bed and shoving her feet into the bunny slippers one of her cousins gave her four Christmases ago. She needs to visit her family again soon, maybe. They're a lot. It's a lot.

She grabs the nearest hair tie off a dresser that was here when she moved in and throws her waves into a chaotic ponytail. Jesus, her mouth is dry. She moves quickly, first to the fridge for milk she should know by now isn't there. Water bottle though, which is good. She closes the fridge behind her, cracking the bottle open and drinking down most of it in one go.

She doesn't think, moving to unlock the door before checking to see who it is.

Abbot stands there, in...oh wow.

It's weird. Seeing him outside of his scrubs but she likes it. She likes it a lot. He's dressed plainly, a hospital hoodie, white shirt, jeans and tactical boots. His hair is ruffled and she knows he's been running his fingers through it. He looks...good but it's just weird seeing him in well—not scrubs.

"Hi," he breathes out, too casual for how tense he looks.

"Hey," Abbot looks at her expectantly and- *I want to take care of you.*

The memory hits her like a truck.

“Fuck!”

“You forgot?”

They say simultaneously and she cringes. She’s not normally this sloppy or forgetful. Fuck, she doesn’t know how she forgot. Did she forget? Did they ever actually make plans? Abbot is still standing there when she realizes he’s waiting for her to invite him in.

“I didn’t forget,” she urges, stepping back and to the side and motioning for him to come in. “I couldn’t-I didn’t forget that conversation trust me.” She rushes out, stepping from the doorway so he can come in. She watches his every move, the wind blows from his direction before he gets the chance to shut the door behind him completely. He smells...clean? Not hospital clean but freshly showered clean. She licks her lips, taking him in as he locks the door behind him.

“It’s fine if you did,” Abbot assures, not meeting her eyes when he turns to look around the place. Samira flushes, now having half a mind to be embarrassed because this was not how or where she had mentally planned this... *talk* .

She meant to set her alarm for three and then spend the day cleaning and manufacturing everything about her appearance so tonight to be genuinely perfect. Now in her pajamas and bunny slippers, she doesn’t exactly feel very... *talkable* ...right now.

“No I burned a pie and—“

“You bake?” she shakes her head no to the question.

“Not really, I was—it threw off my routine—” she clumsily continues, gesturing to her garbage can in a way he won’t understand. Abbot cocks his head to the side and she sighs. “Sorry, did we discuss a time? I can’t-” She is just beginning to wrack her brain but Jack shakes his head.

“No I uh-” he reaches to scratch behind his neck almost nervously, and Samira blinks. “I called. A few times and no answer so I just—this is a courtesy visit. I just want to make sure you’re alright, that’s all.”

Disappointment blooms in her chest. Of course he called, he wasn’t the kind of person to not call. Her eyes flicker to her phone, still on the kitchen counter, and she curses herself for forgetting to take it off work mode and plug it in away from the kitchen to the dresser in her room. Stupid fucking burned pot pie. It’s fine though, he only came to check in on her.

Which is good. That’s good. It’s sweet of him actually. She shouldn’t be disappointed, this is fine. Everything is fine and cool and just fucking dandy.

Samira turns back to him and for the first time in weeks, she feels a bit...not awkward but aimless. Unsure of what to do or what to say in front of Jack who looks just as lost. “Nice place.” He offers and she huffs out a laugh.

“Yeah um...I’m okay,” she finishes changing the subject before they can get trapped into small talk about her terribly plain apartment. “I just overslept. I try not to keep my phone near my bed anymore because of all the doom scrolling. It was messing with my sleeping habits more and—” she’s overexplaining herself, fuck stop talking!

“—I read this article a few months back about how it furthers anxiety and depression. So I’ve been trying to cut back on that for the past few months ergo—” she gestures to her phone “—keeping my phone away from my—” she turns her head again, gesturing in the direction of her bedroom. “—bed.”

Abbot's eyes follow her gestures, lingering in the direction of her bedroom and she swallows as the possibility suddenly hangs in the air. After a beat of silence, he looks back at her and nods. Should she keep talking? Fuck what else can she say?

“Do you want to talk now, Samira?”

His voice is soft, a bit higher than normal but raspier too. It’s sexy. He looks so fucking sexy and she realizes he stepped forward, got closer to look towards her bedroom. He smells so clean and her body feels so on edge all of a sudden. He’s here, in her space, alone with her. It’s the first time they’ve been alone in an entire business week and fuck, he looks so good.

She moves on instinct, closing the distance between them abruptly. Jack grunts in surprise when her eager lips meet his, almost losing his footing as she throws her weight against him but he recovers quickly.

Before she can even register his shock, he’s kissing her back. She just wants to fuck him like she wants to be fucked by this man so bad. And she’s been so patient these past few days but now he’s here. He’s here and he came to make sure she was okay which is so fucking hot. He wants her and he cares about her and she just needs one splendid orgasm and then she can be a normal human being again.

She’s been listening to her neighbors go at it like animals for six months with no real satisfying release. She doesn’t really do hook ups often, they’re never as fulfilling as she wants them to be and her previous relationship while sweet left more to be desired in the

intimacy department. She's never been with anyone that makes her... **want** like this. Her whole being is humming with it, and has been since their first kiss.

It's like her body is **hungry** for it. For him.

She's too enthusiastic perhaps, Jack can't keep up. Feelings she's been burying are bubbling to the surface at a rate that she herself can't process. Not until he pulls back.

Jack looks bewildered, overwhelmed and flushed all at once. "Jesus Christ Samira..." He's holding her at arm's length and her horny mind subsides long enough to realize she's made a miscalculation. Wait-what if didn't mean fuck? Oh my god, what if he actually wanted to just talk to her. Like genuine verbal conversation and not just succumbing to their carnal desires. Oh god...

She pulls back, "I'm sorry, I read this wrong." She wants to run away, she backs up, turning to put distance between them but Jack's hand on her bicep stops her. She looks back to his face and he looks... conflicted.

"You didn't read anything wrong, I promise we just..." he sighs, looking at her with so much restraint she can see his jugular vein flex beneath the skin of his neck. She gets the most ridiculous urge to bite him but she doesn't because that's insane. She just...she wants him. Badly. She wants to come undone under his touch, she wants to feel him on every inch of her skin.

Her blood is pumping too fast. Adrenaline racing as very inappropriate thoughts invade her mind. She needed to get it together, stop acting like a cat in heat. She must be ovulating...

Her cunt aches at the feel of his hand, big with thick fingers, wrapped around her arm. She wants him everywhere and it's ridiculous. She blinks, forcing away the feral nature creeping in her bones so she can focus on why they're not fucking right now.

"...fuck just, give me a second." He lets her arm go, turns away and Samira follows his every move. She watches as he takes off his hospital jacket and holy shit.

The shirt is more form fitting than she realizes and she's never seen so much of his bicep before. He places his jacket on the hook near her bag, reading the room and bends down to untie his boots before placing them next to her sketchers. It shouldn't be hot that he pays so much attention to his surroundings and puts together context clues, especially so quickly but it is. My god it is.

He runs his hands down his face as he stands once again before walking to her "dining room" table and sits down in the nearest of the two chairs there. A courtesy chair she bought for when her mother visits unexpectedly (and uninvited). She moves to the other one right across from him, slowing her breathing. She needs to think clearly. She can do that. She wants to do that.

Jack's eyes are trained on the floor as he recomposes himself, his hands clasped together tightly as he takes a deep breath. Then he's looking at her, an intense vulnerability in his eyes that makes it hard to keep her own breathing steady. "I don't...it's been a while for me." He confesses and she remembers the wife, looks down to see his hands are no longer tightly holding onto each other but instead he's fidgeting with his ring.

His wife is dead. Samira remembers brief mentions of her that he never wanted to talk about in depth. So brief she almost forgot about her. Almost. She never pushed him on it, she knew better.

Dread sinks in her chest as she realizes what this could mean. “Jack if —If you’re not ready I completely under—”

“No!” He objects, loudly and quickly cutting her off. Her eyes widen and his face flushes when he realizes how loud that was. A wave of sudden confidence washes through her as she watches him scramble for mental purchase. “I want...god, I want this Samira. You have no fucking idea how badly I want this.” He confesses, desperation written all over his face.

That confuses her and she cocks her head to the side.

“But you stopped me?” She questions and he sighs.

“I did.”

“Why?” Abbot looks at her, their mutual frustration bubbling in the space between them.

“Because you were-” he’s speaking so slowly, too slowly.

“What?!” She pushes, not letting him finish.

It occurs to her then; with her tense muscles, tight nipples, aching pussy and all too fast moving mind, that she’s very tightly wound. He’s tightly wounded her and she’s never been like this about sleeping with someone before. The eager neediness sewn through every inch of her body is almost as embarrassing as it is enticing.

“You were rushing.” He finishes softly despite her outburst. She blinks, still confused. Abbot sighs, “you were rushing me and I just...I don’t want to rush this. I want to,” Jack looks at her like he just needs her to understand what he’s about to say. “-I want to take my time with you Samira. Please just...let me take my time with you.”

He’s practically begging.

Her mouth goes dry, lips parting as she absorbs his plea. After a beat of silence, she nods. She doesn’t know what he means though. The kiss was quick but almost all of her trysts in the past were marked by a quick fumbling around the room until both parties were naked and then right down to business. Wrapped up in a tidy bow within the hour. She didn’t know how to...she’s never had to take her time with someone before.

“What do you want then?” She asks, genuinely curious and Abbot relaxes. She watches as he leans back in his seat, the same intense eye contact that makes her feel like he’s crowded around her despite them being feet apart.

“I want to make you feel good, however you want” he whispers and she—fuck ,she short circuits a bit. She swallows, sitting back to contemplate. She knows she wants to cum but she...she hasn’t really thought about how she would get there. Like yes obviously, there would be penetration and heavy petting but the exact mechanism, the build up to that and the formula they’d follow to get there was... foreign territory.

She remembers the way his eyes lingered whenever she took her hair down during their outings over the past few months suddenly. Samira moves on instinct, trusting her gut when the information fails her or just doesn’t come. Her hand moves to the hair tie in her mess of waves and she pulls it loose. She watches as he sucks in a breath and swallows. What to do next...she’s blanking. Shit, did she brush her teeth? No. Fuck her bed is still a mess and she should’ve showered

again befo-

“Samira,” He cuts her off before her mind can get away from her. “Come here...please...” the please almost sounds like a whimper and she licks her lips, swallowing heavily. She listens, almost in a trance as she stands to her feet.

She keeps her eyes locked with his the entire short distance it takes for her to reach him. Jack’s breathing is uneven, taking her in and he looks up at her, completely revered and a rush of something hedonistic races through her. He reaches out, hand gently wrapping behind the back of her left thigh. Goosebumps spread in his wake as he guides her closer, she fills in the blanks of his motions. Carefully she straddles him and his hands move from the back of her thighs to her waist, gently grazing her ass in the process.

She swallows, looking down at him. Curiosity gets the best of her and she wraps a lithe hand around his neck. Jack moans softly, eyes threatening to flutter close as both his hands grip her waist a bit tighter. She applies just the right amount of pressure carefully blocking the right airways and he shifts beneath her. His eyes flicker to her lips and she licks them, wetting the soft flesh knowing he’ll see. “You’re so fucking...” Words fail him, his voice is hoarse and she feels almost powerful.

He reaches up to kiss her but she falters, pulling back and squeezing his neck just a bit. He gasps and Samira quickly discovers she likes that sound way more than she anticipated. When she looks back to his eyes, there’s a neediness that sends waves of arousal coursing through her. “Jesus...” he mumbles and she’s can no longer torture either of them any longer. She releases the pressure from his neck and lets him come for her.

He’s gentle at first, no clash of lips against lips come. Jack’s eyes watch her, slowly moving forward as if she’ll stop him again. She doesn’t, when she leans closer, he leans back just a bit and fuck that!

She moves quickly, mouth molding into his with urgency. All hints of teasing gone and when her tongue licks at his top lip, he gladly opens up. They find a steady rhythm, greedy but slow enough to hold onto. He tastes like coffee and toothpaste, she can't focus too hard on it with the way his tongue ebbs and flows against hers. Jack's hands wander, his right hand moving from her waist to the space between them while his left moves to slip into her hair.

She's distracted, too distracted to notice the way he maneuvers. Shifting to position her just enough to allow the little space he needs between them. His fingers skim her waist band before slipping deeper, Samira kisses him harder, nipples aching in her shirt as his hands dips into her sleep shorts completely. His fingers lightly brush her folds and he shutters.

"Oh fuck me," He whispers, breaking the kiss. Samira instinctively follows the absence of his lips, hers wet and wanting. She stops herself, regaining focus, eyes opening just as Abbot looks back up at her in complete and utter awe. "You're so wet baby," he mutters, almost surprised. She swallows the moan that creeps up her throat, moving to close the distance between them again but Abbot tugs at her hair gently to keep her at bay. She whines, her cunt pulsing at the slight pain in her skull.

"No underwear?" He mumbles, like he's in a dream or something.

"I don't-" she croaks out, fingers sinking into his shoulders as Jack brushes up against her clit. She flushes hearing herself in his hands. Wow, she's wet. She's very wet. "It's uncomfortable to sleep in," she finishes and Abbot nods. Transfixed by her cunt as his fingers continue to aggravatingly graze the sensitive skin.

"Not a bad thing I just," he trails off, looking back at her. "You're perfect," he breathes out before sinking one thick and warm finger inside her. Her breath hitches at the sudden fullness as he slides right

in. His hand in her hair grounds her as he pulls his legs apart a bit further, opening her thighs up more in the process.

“Shit, you feel so...so fucking incredible,” he whispers as she clenches around his hand. Samira feels a little drunk, on the praise and the intimate human touch she hasn’t felt for too fucking long. Jesus, Abbot’s finger is thick. He gives her a second to adjust, murmuring more praise before he’s moving, thumbing her clit as he shifts the angle of the digit inside her. Hitting a spot so sweet, her body shutters. “Ahh, that’s it...” he mumbles in understanding. “There’s the sweet spot.”

She barely gets the chance to get her bearings before he’s moving again, starting up a steady rhythm with just the right amount of pressure stroking that spot over and over. “Fuh...” She’s breathing heavy, hands gripping his biceps as he works her over, she barely gets focus back before he’s slipping in another finger. She whines low in her throat at the new stretch, Abbot’s thumb strokes her clit as he coos in her ear. “You okay baby? Is that okay?” Samira nods wordlessly into his neck, mouth falling open as Jack’s fingers move in tandem.

“Fuck you’re so beautiful,” He mutters and tears prick the corners of her vision as he sets the loveliest rhythm. She’s breathing heavy, humiliating sounds spilling from her throat as he fucks her with his fingers. She’s only managed to find her g-spot a few times but her touch isn’t this...it’s never been this much pressure. This much stimulation to her internal clitoris. Her vision blurs and she can feel sweat collecting on the back of her neck as he keeps moving. Pulling the edge of a deep resounding euphoria from the depths of her gut as he does.

“Fucking brilliant too,” a broken moan falls from her mouth as he keeps talking. “Can’t fucking believe this is real, can’t believe you’re letting me play with your pretty little pussy like this,” he says and she honestly has no idea if he’s praising her or just saying the first things that come to mind. She doesn’t care, incapable of any discernment right now. Her mind is blanking as Abbot’s speed increases, more aggressive as he drives into her. This angle, it’s deep. It’s really

fucking deep. His hand slips from her hair, rubbing encouragingly down her back.

“Look at me baby, please can you look at me?” He pleads, his other hand moving to grip her waist and it takes all of her strength, all of her focus to pull back from his shoulder. Then he crooks his fingers, hitting a more satisfying angle and she whimpers, scrambling back to his shoulder as her hips stutter into his palm. He holds her steady with his other hand.

“Look at me superstar, come on I know you can,” she shakes her head against his shoulder. Teeth mouthing at his shirt as he keeps up the onslaught. Small little whines and groans are really all she can say right now. Then he does this beautiful fucking thing, starts thumbing her clit consistently and her back arches, a cry ringing from her mouth as he does. “Look at me Mohan, please fucking look at me,” he begs as she rides his fingers.

Gingerly, she does. It takes too much focus, too much strength and her vision’s blurry but she does. It’s more than worth the effort though. The smile that spreads across his lips, dopey and prideful as he doesn’t stop moving his fingers. Fucking attendings and their disgustingly over skilled hands. “That’s my girl, that’s my pretty girl, so proud of you.” He breathes and fuck fuck fuck!

She groans, hips stuttering in his palm. Samira’s hands have a mind of their own, shifting from his shoulders so one can grip his hair and the other his neck. She holds herself steady, matching the pace he sets as she runs a hand through his hair. Abbott lips part at the sensation and she manages a weak smile before she pulls on the greying strands.

He grunts, fingers faltering just a bit and a small wave of something wicked licks up her skin.

Then he retaliates. He leans forward and wraps his mouth around the

tight nub hidden beneath her shirt. Samira breathing stutters and then he sucks, his hand moving faster in her shorts and fuck, she's reeling. She doesn't have any time to recover. One second she's gaining some traction and the next she's falling over the edge, into an abyss of pleasure as Abbot's teeth graze her nipple.

Abbot moans against her chest and her body shakes, ecstasy licking up her insides as the orgasm overwhelms her. She thinks she cries out but she's not sure, her leverage has slipped away and now she's holding on for dear life as Abbot's fingers prolong the pleasure. Coaxing more and more out of it her as her cunt clenches uselessly around his hand.

When she comes to, Abbot's fingers have slowed. "That's it baby, that's it," he mumbles against her shirt. It's then, she realizes that she pulled him into her. She pulls back, body relaxing as he slips his fingers free from her pussy.

Her arms move from his neck to his shoulders as her pelvis twitches. She has the urge to apologize, for cumming off guard but then she catches Abbot's eyes. She sees the way they burn and she swallows the words before they can come. His hand that was inside her seconds ago rests on her hip and she remembers passing words of advice he'd given her.

Trust your gut Mohan

Her eyes flicker away from his face, to the bulge pressing against his jeans and she swallows. Without a word, she grabs his wrist from her side and moves to hold his wrist in her hand. Jack watches her every move and she matches the intensity of his gaze. When she brings his wet fingers to her lips. His mouth parts, his breath shaky when she takes his wet digits into her mouth and sucks.

"Jesus Christ," he whispers as she sucks his fingers clean. When she

pulls them out, he makes a small little noise in the back of his throat and she can't help but smile.

"You want to see my bedroom?" It's a stupid question because frankly, there's nothing to see but the tone in which it comes out, the way he nods dumbly, makes her feel sexy. On weak legs, she manages to stand again. She guides him up by the wrist and he follows. The way he looks at her, the way he's been looking at her...she doesn't have the mind to get in her head right now. His attraction is just too loud.

She turns to face him once they're alone in her room. Jake doesn't take the time to look around, his eyes glued to her. She forces herself not to think, just do. Just trust her gut. He leans forward, like he can sense the beginning of her overthinking and kisses her, his hands moving to either side of her face. It's slow and sensual, his tongue licking into her mouth in such a fucking obscene way her knees feel weak all over again.

Then he's gone, her hands linger on his wrists from where she started holding them and slowly she lets go.

He sends a nod of affirmation and she remembers, she has good instincts. Just follow them.

Without another word, she strips. First, her slightly damp alum shirt and Jack looks at her, at her chest, like he can't breathe. "Samira..." he starts, voice hoarse and whisper-like and she smiles. Not giving him the chance to recover before she's sliding down her shorts.

Samira is pretty neutral about her body. Some days she's not its biggest fan, some days she feels like hot shit. Most days, it's just meh. Tonight however, as Dr. Jack Abbot looks at her like she's Aphrodite re-born, she's more than appreciative of every inch of skin, muscle and fat she possesses.

“Your turn.”

Jack blinks, like he was in a stupor before nodding. Samira watches, hungry as he takes his shirt off. Exposing the freckled muscled skin in the dim evening light and fuck, he looks good. He looks really fucking good. He's got a better body than most of the guys she's slept with and it's not fair because he's damn near fifty but life's not fair is it? She licks her lips as she studies every muscle of his arms, his chest, the dog tags around his neck, his torso and she was right earlier. He's so fucking solid.

Anticipation licks at her spine as she watches him fumble with his belt before he's shoving the denim down. She swallows, boxers be damned because fuck his thighs. She doesn't think to tell him to take off the underwear too, she wants to see but she wants to close the space between them more.

He steps out of his jeans and kicks them to the side, her eyes flicker to the prosthetic. Before she looks back up at him.

“You want to take that off too?” she gestures towards it and Jack shakes his head.

“Not yet, might need it.” He mutters and whatever he means by that, the possibility, does send a shiver down her spine. Her mind blanks on what to do next, what command to give but it's like he senses her hesitation and he's moving before it can spiral into inaction. Or maybe he's just impatient. He steps towards her, slower than before and she follows, eyes wide and body tensing at the possibility of what comes next.

Then his right hand is at her waist again and she feels hot. Suddenly,

hyper aware of her over exposure as Jack's fingers glide across her naked skin. "Every time I look at you I just," he breathes out. She waits for him to finish, mouth watering when his fingers travel down. Just to slip through her sensitive folds softly, collecting wetness before he's moving up again. "Can't fucking believe you're real Samira," Wet fingers trail up her stomach, across her sternum, Samira feels herself shutter as he moves to graze her breasts. Before finally, finally tracing the hardened nub with her arousal.

She breathes in sharply, eyes threatening to close as Abbot teases the pebbled flesh. "I know I keep saying it like an idiot, but god, you're so fucking beautiful." He mumbles before he's leaning down, mouth latching onto the nipple he's not teasing.

"Oh fuck," she grunts, her cunt throbs as Abbot's tongue swirls around the nub. "Fuck fuck fuck," she chants, hands moving to tug his hair. He moves his hand from her nipple and she whimpers as both hands move to wrap around her thighs once again. A signal that clicks in her mind and she shifts one of her legs. Making it easier for him to lift her in the air. His mouth slips from her nipple and she tugs his hair up, reattaching their lips as he moves them backward.

Jack sets them down on the bed, breaking the kiss only once her back is pressed against her blanket and wrinkled sheets. Shit, she didn't even get to make up the bed—he bites down on her bottom lip and she groans. Pulled back into focus as he laps at the small wound.

He moves down her skin, wet lips leaving a faint trail down her sternum, retreating into no man's land before finally slipping from her skin altogether as he kneels at the foot of the bed. She watches, realizes he's kneeling now and before she can scoot back and tell him to come up, Jack's hands are back around her thighs. Samira yelps when he pulls her down so her ass is on the edge of the bed.

"Sorry," Jack mumbles and she laughs. Looking down at him and catching his amused smirk. God, he's sexy.

“It’s okay,” she tells him softly, her hand moving to run through his hair. He sighs, eyes fluttering close as he relaxes into her touch. “You’re doing perfect, baby,” she whispers and Jack swallows. More tension weaves itself into the air as she massages his scalp. “You were so good out there,” she continues in a breathy whisper, not thinking, just doing. He talked her through it so well, the least she can do is try and repay the gesture.

“Playing with my pussy like that, made me feel so good.” Jack groans as she talks, eyes locking on hers. She feels his deep breath on her cunt and her muscles tense. “Want you to keep making me feel good, okay?”

He nods, she’s glad she forgot to close the curtain this morning. Soft amber light pours through the window, illuminating his face where it rests between her thighs. His hand flexes against her skin and she smiles. “Come on Dr Abbot, make me feel good.”

It’s all the encouragement he needs, he bridges the gap between his lips and her cunt immediately. Licking through her folds, eager to please and the sensation makes her squirms against his hold. Pressure builds in her gut as Jack’s tongue slides up, moving to swirl around her clit before moving away completely. Teasing her entrance as small frustration swims under her skin at the lack of attention.

“Jack baby please,” Samira breathes out, grinding down against his mouth. He ignores her, instead moving one hand from her thigh to reach up and grip her chest. Her hand moves to hold his against her tit as he kneads the soft flesh. She pulls at his hair and he groans, vibrations coursing through her cunt. Lightly, she bucks her hips against his face. Just enough to catch the tail end of his nose against her aching clit.

“Shit shit,” she whines as familiar steady waves of pleasure build

under the surface. “Come on baby, make me feel good. Please make me feel good.” He’s teasing her now, she just needs him to move his face a bit. Just a little to the left and oh fuck, she’s so—a broken whine spills from her lips as Jack pulls back. She squirms on the bed, an overwhelming neediness pulsing in her muscles.

She opens her eyes (which she didn’t know she closed) to see Jack looking at her cunt, face wet with her arousal. “Why’d you stop?” He blinks, like she’s just forced him back down to earth.

“Sorry fuck I just...I needed a second.” He huffs out, voice strained. Before she can further question it, she feels his fingers teasing her entrance. “You’re so...there aren’t any fucking words,” and then he’s sinking two fingers back into her. She whimpers at the sudden fullness and before she can adjust, his lips are wrapped around her clit.

“FUck!” Her legs twitch and Jack moves his hand from her chest to her thigh to keep her contained. The orgasm she was teetering on the edge of before comes tumbling to the surface but it’s different and the pressure on her g-spot is stronger. Not just his fingers but his tongue and—shit, she’s got to pee. Fuck she’s going to —“JACK I—” The words die in her throat as the world mutes around her. Euphoria racks through Samira’s body, her vision whites out, a guttural groan escapes her mouth as she cums. Hard.

It’s the kind of orgasm she’s been wishing for, chasing, since after her first curious exploration of her own body. Her muscles tense as her hands scramble to grip her blanket for purchase. Hips bucking as Abbot holds her steady. She can’t breathe, can’t think, can only take what her body’s experiencing.

The first thing she registers is the fullness slipping from her cunt, she winces at the absence. “It’s okay baby, I got you.” Jack mumbles as she comes down, hand stroking the side of her leg. Her thighs twitch against each other, first aftershock. She has to remember to breathe. Just breathe. Her body feels lax, calm as she comes back to her senses. Echoes of ecstasy roll under her skin as she opens her eyes, lazily moving her head to the side so she can get a good look at that man

who just made her see stars.

His white t-shirt is hanging off his shoulder and she scrunches her eyebrows, confused. That is until her mind's awareness catches up enough to register that the sheets beneath her are wet. Samira's eyes widen as the possibility sinks in. Jack notices the shock in her expression, smirk reappearing as the reality of what just happened becomes clear.

"I didn't," she whispers and he shakes his head.

"You did."

Oh wow, she's got half a mind to be embarrassed but Jack's appreciative smile is anything but annoyed. "It was beautiful, fuck Samira...you're something." He breathes out and her chest warms. She bites her lip, spreading her tired legs back once again. She is sensitive and a little dazed but she still wants him. Her cunt clenches and she swallows her wince. She's being greedy but she doesn't care.

Samira Mohan **will** have Jack Abbot's dick inside her. Period.

"Come here," she whispers and his lips part, surprised.

"Seriously?"

She bites her lip as she nods. He doesn't have to be told, pulling his shirt off his shoulder. Samira gathers her strength to sit up and uses her weak legs to move back against the bed until her head hits the pillow. Jack's bent over, fumbling with the pockets of his jeans.

“Come on man fuck...” he mutters to himself and she quirks her brows.

“What’s wrong?”

He looks up at her, pained expression. “To be completely honest with you Samira, I did not think this was going to happen when I left the house.”

“Really?”

He nods. She laughs, hoarsely and wow, her throat is a little sore. Did she scream? She brushes the thought away, her neighbors deserve to know she too gets fucked.

“It’s all I thought was going to happen honestly,” she confesses and Jack curses to himself, fingers moving frantically in his jean pockets..

“I mean I was hopeful but I didn’t want to assume-” oh he’s rambling now, cute.

“Jack,” she says, cutting him off. He turns to her, clutching his jeans too tightly. She takes in his body language, all his muscles are tense and she can tell he’s holding back. He’s done such a good job of controlling himself, the overwhelming desire to reward him is ridiculously strong. Her thighs twitch just thinking about it.

“It’s nice you didn’t assume.” She assures him and he nods quickly, drinking in her light assurance. “But I did.”

Jack whimpers then and fuck, it's hot. He's so hot. "You did?" He breathes out, desperate for a release she really wants to see him experience.

She nods, "I did. Check the top drawer of the dresser please."

He listens, immediately dropping his jeans as he moves towards the dresser. It's her underwear drawer, a fact she forgets until she hears a faint "fuck me" slip past his lips. It's not like she's hiding a bunch of Victoria's Secret lingerie in there. But she bought some a while back for a Valentine's Day date that was not nearly as gratifying as tonight had been. She hasn't touched them since but that might change in the near future who knows?

"Under the red ones," she instructs. Not because she planned this and was genuinely trying to fuck with him but because it's a primary color, easy to remember.

Jack pulls the box of condoms from the drawer, ripping the box open in a way that makes her laugh again. It's nice to feel wanted, she likes how honest he's been this whole time about wanting her. He's a breath of fresh air.

He turns back to face her, single condom in hand and he looks vulnerable. Almost unsure. "You okay?"

He nods, "yeah, I am. I just...I'm not gonna last very long kid," he jokes halfheartedly. "Had to pull back earlier," he mumbles more to himself and Samira lets her eyes flicker to his boxers. She notices the wet stain against the bulge, the pre cum, on the front of the grey material and fuck...

“You almost came from eating me out?” She whispers, a bit dumbfounded. He looks embarrassed now that she’s said it aloud. But it’s...her cunt pulses and she’s not sure because she’s pretty messy down there, but she can feel a new wave of arousal slip from her folds as the knowledge sinks in. He simply nods and Jesus fucking Christ, “get the fuck over here Abbot.”

Jack swallows but listens, moving back to the edge of the bed with the condom between his teeth. He pulls his boxers down quickly and the sight of his dick makes her mouth water. He’s thick, just long enough and fuck there’s still precum rolling off the blushing head.

She sits up, creeping back to the edge of the bed almost in a trance. She likes his dick, she likes it a lot. Samira grabs the condom from between his teeth while he shuffles out of his boxers. By the time he’s standing to his full height again, she’s got the condom open and her fingers twitch as she looks up at him. “You ready?” She asks.

“I feel like I should be asking you that,” he whispers and she smiles before grasping his cock softly in her hand. “Fuck,” Jack hips buck softly in her hand and she has to swallow the urge to not suck him off. Her vagina would never forgive her if she did.

Later though, she’ll return the favor. Slowly and gently she rolls the wrapper onto his length fully. His torso tightens and she wants to lick the grey hair on his pubic area, she’s too cum drunk to be thinking clearly. She blinks, looking back up at him and Abbot offers her a weak smile. “Come here,” she mumbles and he listens. Tries to but she’s back to backing up. Jack follows her lead, crawling over her body and stopping once he’s just above where her head is rested on her pillow.

“You’re so fucking beautiful,” he breathes out. His hand traces over her face and she reaches up to caress his face.

“So are you,” she mumbles and she feels emotional. A new level of vulnerability and intimacy fills the room. Jack leans his body down and without thinking, forcing herself to stay present, she grabs him softly against, liking the feel of his pulse around her fingers.

He grunts above her, “I’m really not going to last Samira,” he whispers, again as they both look down, watching as her hand slides his dick against her spent cunt.

“I really don’t give a fuck,” she huffs out, they look at each other and a fucked out smile spreads across her lips. He starts to laugh but chokes on it once she’s got the head of his cock, fuck his thick aching cock, inside her.

Samira pulls her hand free, Jack’s arms flex around her head as he tries to steady his breathing. He’s not looking at her and she just can’t have that. Her hand slips from his length to graze up his body before her fingers catch on his dog tags and tug softly.

Jack finally looks at her, “eyes on me cowboy, okay?”

“Yes ma’am,” he mutters and Samira moves her right leg to the back of his waist. Her legs ache and the muscles are tired, her pussy is spent but she doesn’t care. Her legs (and her cunt) will be sore tomorrow but none of that matters. All that matters is here and now (and the small new wave of adrenaline energizing her right now.) She nudges him forward by pressing her ankle down against the back of his waist.

Jack takes the hint and slowly, slowly pushes forward. Samira’s mouth parts in a silent o as he fills her up. Fuck, he’s thicker than his fingers. Jack presses forward, torturously slow and by the time he’s bottomed out, both their breathing has turned ragged.

“Fuck me...”

He mumbles as she groans beneath him. Samira fights to keep her eyes open as her cunt adjusts weakly to the intrusion. He's not looking at her and she moves her hand to his chin, “eyes on me okay?” She reminds him and Jack licks his lips, nodding as they both adjust to the new sensation.

Then he's moving, slow and rhythmic. “Fuck baby,” he whispers and Samira swallows. Moving to wrap her arms around his shoulders, one hand in the apex of his shoulders while the other sinks into his hair.

“Wanna see you cum, wanna see you fall apart,” she mutters honestly and Jack groans. Thrusting harder and she whimpers. The loss of control is temporary as he regains composure, shifting just enough to rest his full weight on one arm while the other moves to the thigh wrapped around his waist. She only had the energy to move the one leg.

He pulls her thigh up, maneuvering it over his shoulder and fuck fuck fuck! The angle is deeper, just as deep as his fingers went if not more and she whines as he fucks her just as steady. Snapping his hips at a measured rhythm and hitting her g-spot with each thrust.

“Come on superstar, you got one more in you, just one more for me baby please,” He rushes out and she groans.

She tugs at his hair and he grunts, “You made me feel so good Jack, come on I want you to feel that good.” She manages, the praise makes him moan and she loves it. God she loves that fucking sound. “Come on baby, I know you want to.”

His arm shakes next to her and she can feel the tremor in his thigh. But he's determined, breaking eye contact to kiss her (and shut her up.) His pubic bone rubs against her clit and she whines into his lips. Jacks pulls away, "you first superstar. Just one more, that's all I need, baby. That's all I want. Please just one more," he's begging hoarsely in her ear and small moans pour from her lips as he keeps up the onslaught.

She can feel it, weakly licking up her spine.

"Fuck," She breathes out as Jack keeps fucking her slow and steady. His cock hitting every ridge inside her before stimulating her already sensitive g-spot. "Looks so pretty when you cum too, just want to see it again. Wanna keep making you feel good, f-fuck-for as long as you want me."

Her mouth parts and she realizes his ear is right fucking there. She turns her head to suck on the lobe and Jack's hips stutter. He groans, doing his best to regroup by driving into her harder but his thrusts are sloppy, losing the carefully thin control he managed to string together.

"Please baby, just one just one more." he mumbles, pelvis rubbing against her clit at a slightly different angle. Her mouth jerks away from his ear as she cries out, cunt clenching involuntarily around him. Fuck, she is close.

"Look at me baby, look at me." She mumbles and he does, grip loose on her thigh as he fucks into her with newfound earnestness. He's close to.

The minute their eyes lock, her pussy clenches hard. Jack curses roughly, swallowing as he keeps going. A determined son of a bitch that's for sure.

“You feel so good, so fucking good. You’re so beautiful, god damn brilliant you know that?!” He mutters and she’s teetering on the edge, oh god she’s going to cum again. She wants to defy it because fuck, she is already very sensitive from two of the best orgasms she’s had in an embarrassingly long time.

Then Jack does something diabolical, it should disqualify him from whatever fucking game they’re playing. He leans forward, kisses her on the lips chastely before doing the same to her forehead and she’s fucking gone.

Samira cums with a hoarse cry, arching up into him as the pleasure thrums through her body. She’s clenching involuntarily around him and Jack grunts into a deep groan as he loses his grips on her thigh, thrusting weakly inside her as he cums in the condom. He moves his hand from her thigh and finds her hand right above her head, interlocking their fingers as he falls apart.

He collapses on top of her, her cunt still milking him dry as he does.

Their heavy breathing mingles together as the high begins to fade. Clarity washes over her after several seconds, the sweat on their bodies, the wet stain under her ass and fuck she’s going to be so sore tomorrow. But she doesn’t let her mind wander too far, weakly massages his skull as his grip on her other hand loosens.

“You’re perfect Samira, fucking perfect.” He whispers against her shoulder, completely fucked out and she hates the way she reacts to the praise. Hates the tears that well up in her eyes beyond her control and hates that she can’t keep them from falling.

Jack notes her silence, pulling his hand from hers' so he can sit up despite her really not wanting him to see her cry. He sees her face and coos, her hand falls from his hair to rest on her mouth. “Fuck I’m

sorry,” she stutters out hoarsely and he shakes his head. His hand moves to stroke her hair and she can feel herself breaking open.

“It’s okay, you’re okay,” he soothes before leaning down to kiss her forehead. “It’s okay,” he assures before kissing her lips softly. She shakes her head, in agreement.

“I don’t know why I’m crying,” and she doesn’t. She really doesn’t. Maybe its just her bodies exhaustion from the orgasms, the fact that she hasn’t been touched let alone fucked liked this in...probably her whole fucking life. Who knows but it’s suddenly very overwhelming. “I’ll be right back,” he promises before lifting himself off the bed. She watches as he takes the condom off and tosses it in the small trash can she kept in the corner. He pulls on his boxers and leaves the room.

Samira watches him go, forcing her tired body upward as she waits. When he does come back, it’s with a rag she had in the storage closet and the rest of her water bottle from the counter. Jack hands her the bottle of water which she takes with a quiet thank you. He then proceeds to take the rag which she now realizes is cool and wet and presses it between her legs.

She lets him, the urge to protest present but the energy to do so, not there at all. When he’s done, he kisses her forehead again. “You think you can shower right now?”

She nods as he moves his lips away from her forehead. Once he’s gone, she looks up at him as he strokes her hair with a small smile on his face. “That’s my girl.”

By the time she's out of the shower, her body is starting to feel sore. She's in an oversized Yale shirt she stole from her last roommate and a new pair of sleep shorts. Same bunny slippers.

Jack is at the kitchen table, fully dressed as he sits in the same seat he just fingered her in. He smiles when he sees her. "I order some food from that cafe you like. Nothing in the fridge, I figured you might be hungry."

She is, she's very hungry.

"Thank you," she whispers, slightly adjusting the towel she has wrapped around her hair.

"I didn't um...I didn't know if you wanted me to go or just—"

"You should stay," she finishes before she can overthink it. She wants him to stay. Jack's body relaxes, relief flooding his face and that makes her smile. Her gaze flickers to the living room, her very pathetic living room with a couch that was here when she moved in and a TV her mom gave her as a housewarming present. She rarely uses it.

They talk about articles, case studies that caught their eye since the last time they talked as Jack helps her change the sheets and moves the TV into her room when she suggests a movie. They eat at the kitchen table in comfortable, intimate silence and it's nice, it's really fucking nice. They end up watching *The Sandlot* in her bed. Jack's head on her chest, her fingers in his hair and his prosthetic propped up and discarded against the lower dresser shelves.

It's the best day off she's had in a while.

He dozes off before her (because he's old as fuck) and as she scrolls through the Vinted website, looking at book shelves and rubbing his scalp, she thinks of what he said. About wanting to take care of her.

She doesn't want him to do that, at least not just that. She wants to take care of him too.

She hopes that maybe they can take care of each other for a while. She might like that. No, she **would** like that. A lot actually.

The urge to overthink, to unpack and dissect comes to her but when she puts her phone down on the bedside table and looks down at him as he sleeps on her chest, she doesn't want to.

She doesn't need to have it figured out yet. This moment of trust and intimacy where she feels incredibly safe, is more than enough. For right now at least.

Chapter End Notes

Very proud of myself for getting this done, I hope y'all like it.

End Notes

I hope you guys like this, the smut is not written yet but I want to write it. My schedule is kind of crazy right now but I'm going to try, I've got like three other fics I'm working on for this fandom that I also want to see the light of day. Thank you guys for reading, let me know what you think please. It's been like two years since I've been motivated to write fics for any fandom so I hope the rustiness doesn't show, lol.

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